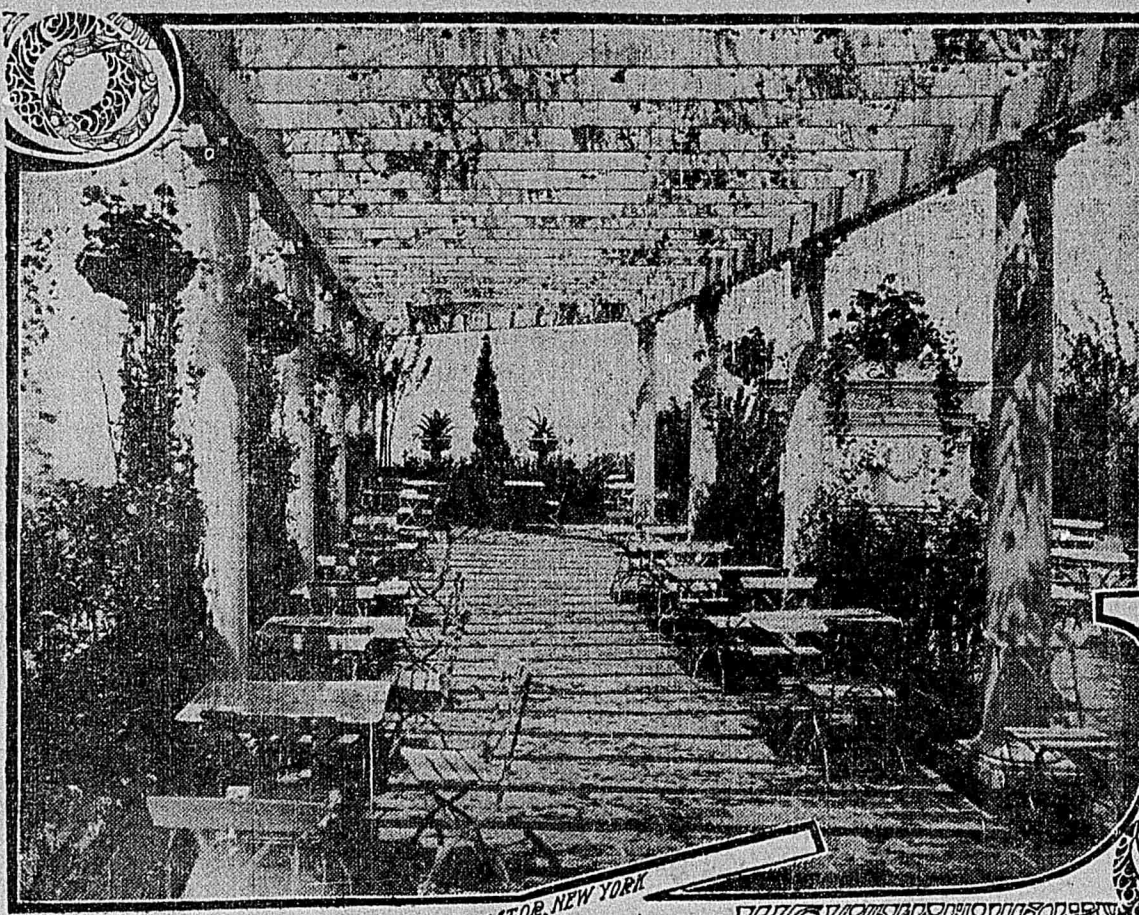
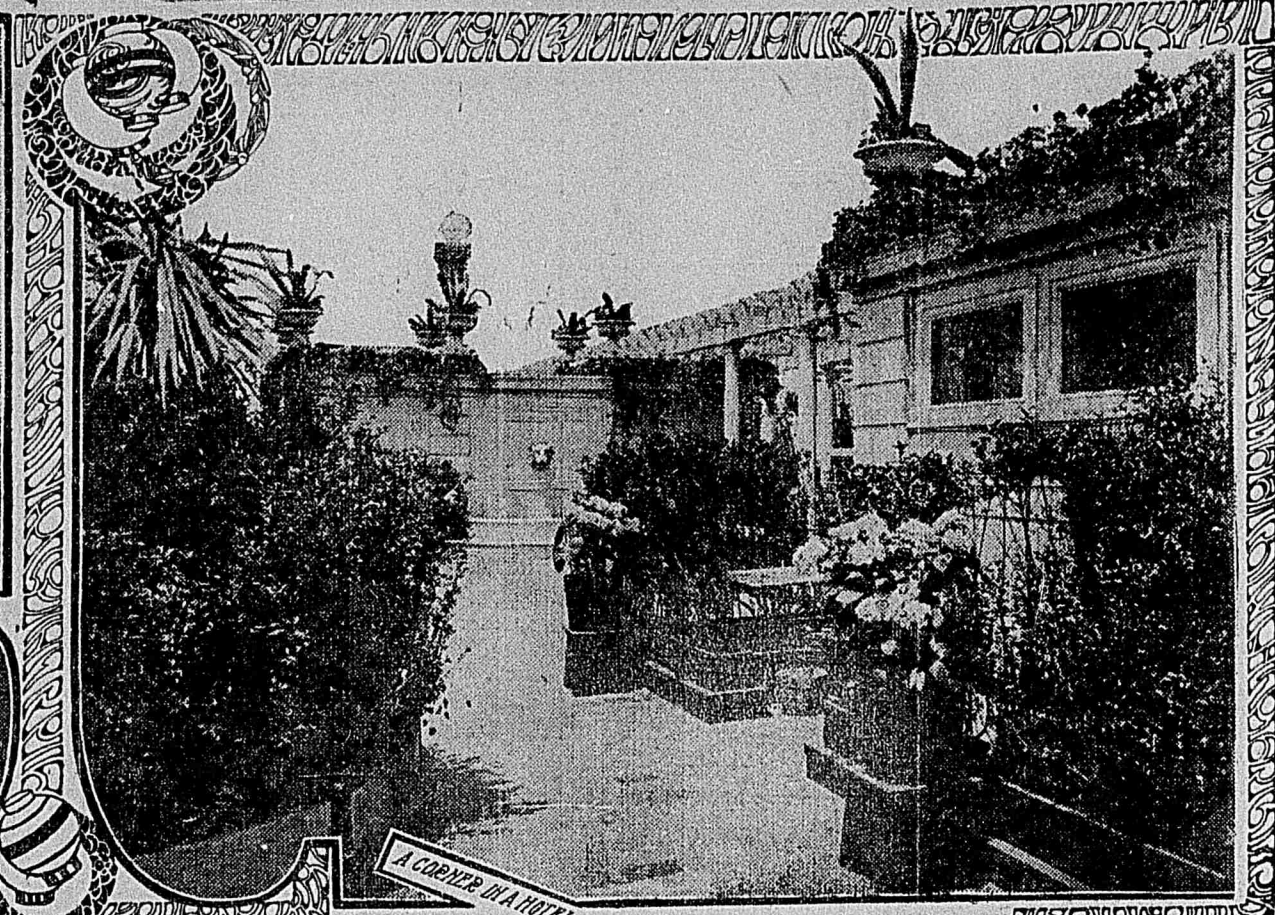


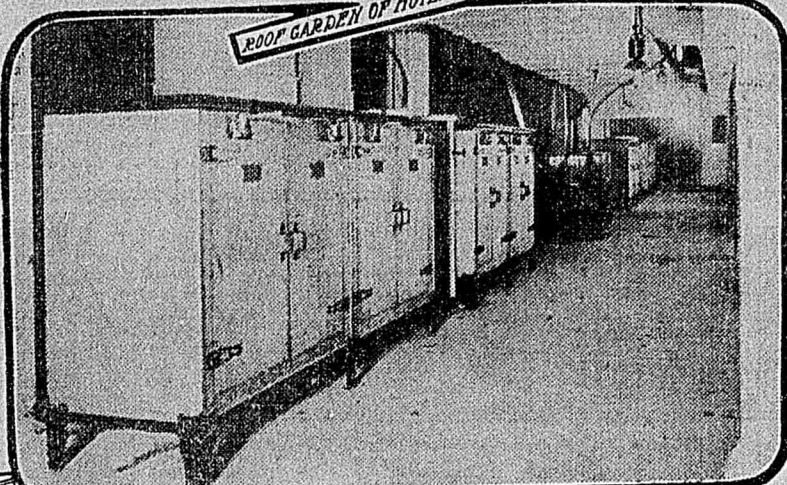
# THE SUPREMACY OF THE AMERICAN HOTEL



ROOF GARDEN OF HOTEL ASTOR, NEW YORK



A CORNER OF A HOTEL APART GARDEN



REPAIRS TO THE HOTEL'S ROOF



FROM COOK TO WAITER

TIME was not so very long ago when the American gourmet in quest of some gastronomic novelty with which to tickle his jaded palate was obliged, or thought he was, to go abroad. In spite of the fact that most of our leading hostilities have been employing European chefs for the last half century, it has been the fashion among certain palatial adepts to speak scornfully of all American attempts at culinary excellence and to hint longingly of great joys to be experienced only "on the other side."

We used to hear a great deal about the homelike features of the English hotel, so much indeed that we believed. This impression was fostered by the writers of British fiction, which we used to find so engrossing, but for

which we seem to have lost our taste. The typical English inn was an agreeable affair in literature, and we accepted it as it came fresh from the pen of the poet and novelist. As we saw it in our mind's eye it was a fascinating composite of ivy green, glowing hearth, tidy public room, well kept kitchen garden replete with savory pot herbs, joints done to the acme of juiciness, pots of foaming ale, all presided over by the indispensable and always buxom woman who was the central figure of it all.

The development of the ocean steamer broke cruelly into the delusion. We went over to have a look at the English inn as we had pictured it, and didn't succeed in finding it. Instead we were offered the scant and often comfortless hospitality of a hotel sys-

tem which was so unsuited to our needs that we could see no good in it. The ivy was green enough, but harbored dampness and suggested rheumatic twinges. The chimney smoked almost always; the public room was not always tidy; the fragrant garden was not infrequently otherwise; the joints were underdone and tasteless; the ale insipid. Even the landlady was quite likely to be a slattern and vixenish. With a sigh of disappointment we turned away from the unwholesome reality, convinced of the

fact that the hostelry of the Elizabethan days was no more. It is a telling evidence of the superiority of the American hotel system that it has found its way into most of the great capitals of Europe. Foreign bonifaces declare that these transatlantic innovations have been forced on them by the American traveling public. The ancient "homelike" methods of the English hotels, so conducive to rheumatism and nostalgia, have given place to the modern requirements of the American tourist, and even on the

continent the old order of things is being modified gradually. Thus it happens that the European hotel system of today is indebted for most of its vitality to the American idea. It is true that our great hostels have not hesitated to adopt many of the leading and especially desirable features of the British and continental houses, but it is equally certain that European bonifaces who have ignored the American notion of comfort away from home have been distanced in the race for public favor. It has taken a

long time for old world hotel men to realize this, but they are finally waking up to the fact with an eagerness that means a revolution in their plans to capture the good American dollar.

It is in America, of course, that the business known formerly as providing accommodation for "man and beast" has reached its loftiest expansion. It is the one business which seems never to be overdone. There is always room at the top, and there is an ever increasing number of those who are making the ascent. All through the present season reports have come from Great Britain and the continent that the great hostels of recent construction are suffering from a dearth of patronage. Their splendid dining rooms unoccupied save by an army of men who are "waiters" in every sense of the term. Nothing of the sort has put even a temporary check on the hotel building boom in America, especially in the larger cities. Notwithstanding the wonderful multiplication of hotels in New York city during the last decade, the time is not yet come when the supply is at all equal to the demand. Such is the attraction of hotel life as it is made possible by these great modern caravansaries that each palatial newcomer is filled almost before it is completed. In spite of the number of these immense shelters for the traveling public, there is scarcely any season of the year when one is certain to find a welcome in one of them without previous arrangement.

**The Roof Garden.**

Some of these newest structures are marvels of architectural construction and interior arrangement. They are up in the air because, in New York city especially, they cannot go else-

where. They reach upward instead of spreading out, and the paucity of ground space has evolved the aerial garden. Several of the recently built hotels are provided with these picturesque breathing places high above the turmoil of the great city. In summer they are a refuge from the heat of the blistering pavement, and in winter their glass inclosed spaces are fragrant with the perfume of a thousand flowers. One of these hotel roof gardens has several fountains with real water in active movement, terraces lined with flowering plants of the rarest species, innumerable palms and myriads of soft electric lights to accentuate its loveliness. Some idea of the roominess of this garden in the air may be formed from the fact that it affords a delightful resort for at least 2,000 persons.

"Seeing New York" is sadly incomplete nowadays unless one has made a more or less intimate acquaintance with the interior "working" of one of these giant hostels. From an aerial garden to deepest subterranean storeroom and refrigerating plant. In the basement of one of these twentieth century hotels 800 loaves of bread and 6,000 rolls are baked daily, and 250 pounds of coffee are prepared for consumption. In the establishment the counter over which the prepared dishes pass from cook to waiter is always heated so that there is no opportunity for that partial cooling which might interfere with the viand's perfection. There are also warming closets into which the dishes are put cold on one side and taken out hot at the other.

**Far Ahead in Service.**

In the item of service the American hotels are far at the front. In a British hotel the servants seem to be ashamed of being caught ministering to the comfort of guests. What is known as the coffee room generally has its floor covered by a thick carpet, which is never swept and on which the crumbs that fall are left. Its atmosphere under these circumstances may only be compared to that of the dining saloon of an ocean steamer. How refreshing, by way of contrast, is the dining room of a first class American hotel, with its shining parquet floor and its appetizing odor.

In spite of its good reputation France is a country of culinary extremes. The prevalent notion that the humblest Gallic inn will produce a toothsome dish is a myth. The cooking in France is either very good or very bad. A tourist on the outside of the large towns has an opportunity to modify his opinion that good cooking is the rule in France. As for the sanitary arrangements, they are apt to be those of the eighteenth century.

The opinion of a globe traveler in the London Saturday Review, a view of the matter thoroughly British, is as follows:

"Of the hotels in the United States it only remains to be said that they are four times as expensive as British hotels and in every point four times as good. They are like New York, large, Boston, even remote towns like Denver the cooking of the food are as good as you would get in Paris. The linen and the sanitary arrangements of American hotels leave nothing to be desired. In fact, they are nearly the whole world, we are of the opinion that the best hotel in which the fastidious traveler can hang up his hat is the Oriental Palace at Yokohama." GEORGE H. PICARD.

## Senator Foraker, Chief of Republican Spellbinders; Led by Political Chivalry to Take the Stump

THE announcement that Senator Joseph Benson Foraker of Ohio had decided to take the stump in support of the Republican presidential ticket was not a surprise to those who are intimate with the distinguished Buckeye statesman. There is a vein of what may be termed political chivalry in his nature which impels him to come out as the champion of the creed which he professes even though he may be in open antagonism to the acknowledged leaders in the game. It is the same impulse which makes him the eloquent advocate of the cause of right thinking and right living.

Because he appears to be convinced that his duty to his party principles demands his active support of its platform there is not the slightest reason for supposing that he is convinced that he has been mistaken and is anxious to repair his sins of commission and omission. Nothing of the kind! Senator Foraker does not rush headlong into matters of great political moment. His ways are not those of the mere political trickster, and with him the question of expediency is always subordinate to the question of what he believes to be right. Through his entire political life he has been the untiring champion of the afflicted, the oppressed and the misunderstood. He espoused the cause of the black battalion discharged at Brownsville as zealously and fervently as he defended the railroads against the attacks of an almost universal public sentiment. No man in public life has been more fearless, more outspoken, more reckless of the consequences.

That he is ambitious and aggressive is not to be disputed. What American with plenty of good red blood in his veins is not? He has made it evident even to those who do not admire his methods that his ambition has been to serve his country well and faithfully, and isn't that sufficient?

When public duties have not interfered he has practiced his profession and served his clients with the same ability and fidelity. He has never compromised the two occupations, has never been accused of influencing legislation corruptly and has always kept aloof from legislation in which he had a personal interest. He is not the owner of

railroad stocks and bonds, and so far as he is concerned individually it doesn't matter at all what railroad legislation has been or may be accomplished.

### An Active Belligerent.

When Senator Foraker took the stump this fall it was not to render merely a perfunctory service. Foraker is not contented that way. He is a born fighter and as such cannot refrain from injecting his personality into all his public utterances. "Fire Alarm" Foraker his political opponents dubbed him in the early days of his career, and the not inappropriate appellation has stuck to him persistently. It has been said of him that he was born with the belligerent instinct in a stage of full development; that in his case it was fighting first and walking and talking afterward. Perhaps that is why he has not yet become an ideal statesman. A magnetic leader he is without doubt, but he is deficient in the equipoise and sober reflection which characterize the real adept in statecraft. Although he was a good governor, little notice has ever been taken of his gubernatorial record. It remained in the background while the pyrotechnics of politics distracted the public attention. He campaigned for victory in his native state of Ohio as he fought when a young soldier for the Union, with a dash and reckless bravery that won admiration even from the foe, and his "vim, vigor and victory" campaigns will long be remembered.

On the stump Foraker is unrivaled; on the convention platform he is irresistible; in the forum he is the peer of any debater of the time. Not so brilliant as was Blaine, not so capable of fetching oratorical flights as was Roscoe Conkling, not so impressive as is the present Democratic candidate for president, he is quite as certain of carrying his political audience with him as is any of the others. Of no other American speaker has it ever been recorded that he broke up his own meeting by the force of the enthusiasm which he aroused. When he was governor of his state Foraker did that very thing at a political gathering in Indianapolis during Harrison's first campaign. What he said has passed from memory, and it really doesn't matter especially, but it was in the days of "vim and vigor," and

he had been stirring his vast and appreciative audience to repeated expressions of admiration and approval.

At last one of his pointed and typical utterances brought about the unexpected. Cheering was altogether in-

adequate. The shouting, enthusiasm charged crowd began to march around the great auditorium, and nothing

could check the movement until exhaustion put an end to the demonstration. Without at all intending it Senator Foraker had enthused himself out of a job.

### Compels Admiration.

Even though he may fail to convince, Senator Foraker never fails to compel admiration. A notable instance of his power in this direction was shown at the Ohio state convention of 1906. The conduct of the federal senators was under discussion, and much hostile feeling was developed. It was clearly the sentiment and unexpectedly the customary indorsement of the senators should be as formal and as free from approval as was possible. There was trouble brewing, and the power of the opposition was making itself apparent. The chairman of the convention made his speech, and it was unmistakably critical of the position of the Ohio senators.

Senator Foraker was present and listened to it all with unmoved composure. When the chairman had concluded, the senator was called out informally and unexpectedly and complied with reluctance. With the imposing dignity and fine irony of which he is master, he proceeded to silence the inharmonious note which was threatening discord. The only personal reference in his speech was as follows:

"I have always thought it was a great honor to be a United States senator from Ohio. Why? Not because of the salary, not because of the position, but because I have always understood that when my constituency elected me it was because it had the impression at least that I possessed the qualifications of a senator; that I had some ability and that I had good character; that I would stand hithered, did and that when a great question arose I would be expected, speaking for this mighty and intelligent constituency, to bring to bear all these qualifications. I never understood that somebody was to tell me how to vote, either at the end of the line, or this end of the line, especially not about great profound constitutional questions which lawyers differ about. I thought I was to work that out and speak for you. I have pursued that policy. If that is not right, if on the contrary, a vote is to be rebuked because he exercises the

### Captured the Convention.

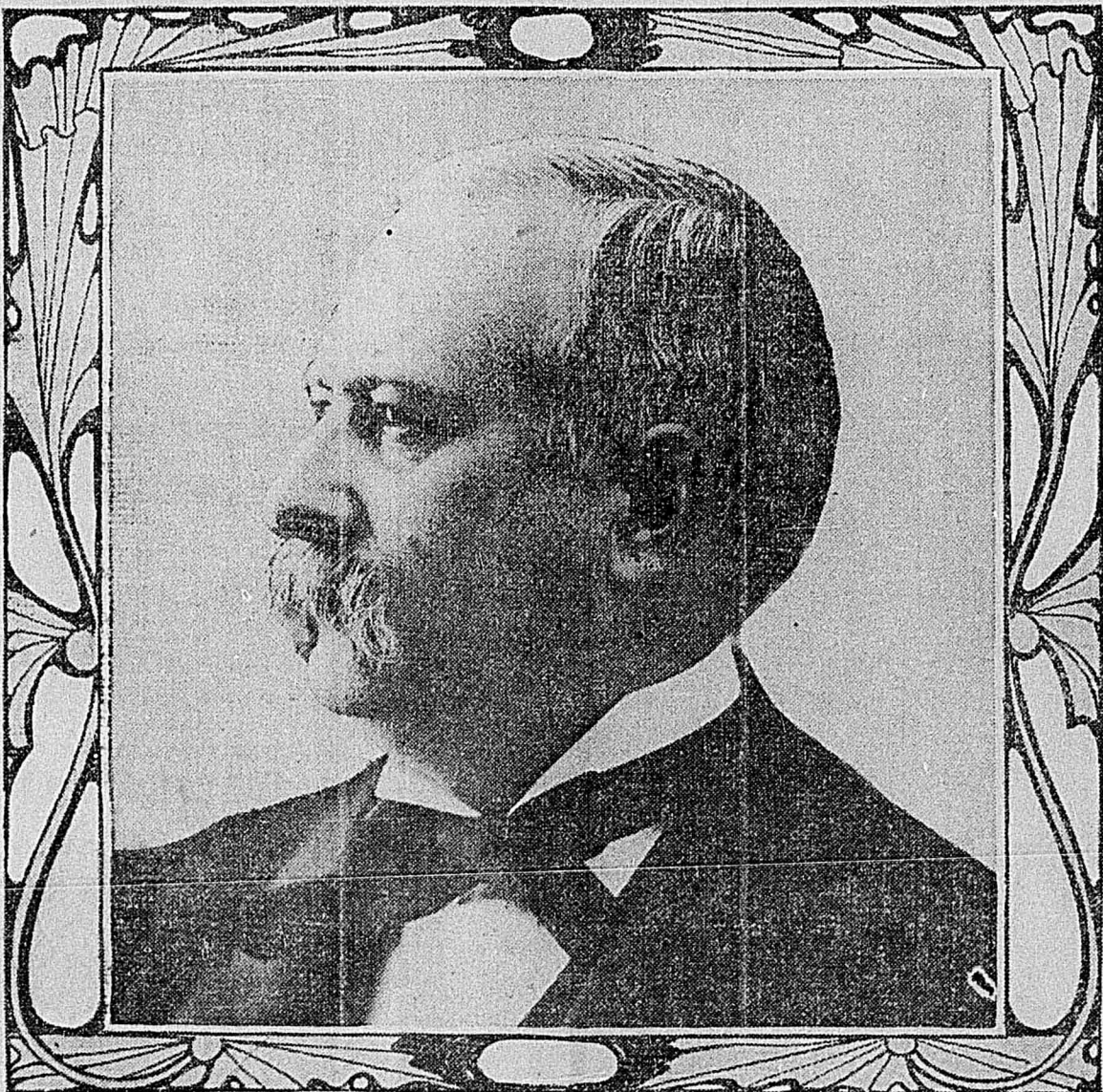
That was plain talk, and it was effective. Senator Foraker meant that it should bring about an understanding between himself and the state which he was representing, and it succeeded admirably. His frankness and utter fearlessness captured the convention, and then and there he might have had Ohio's indorsement for the presidency, but he would not have it so.

It has been said of the late Senator Allison that he was never known to express a positive opinion on any matter under discussion and that his decision was the one thing which prevented him from attaining actual greatness. Perhaps it might be affirmed of Senator Foraker that were he willing to combine practical politics with his magnetic leadership and commanding ability he would be the most prominent Republican senator of his time. As it is, he is not a clever politician. He has no patience with a tail, no genius for organization. Those who have associated him with a political machine have little knowledge of the facts. Perhaps there is no man in the American senate who is as independent in that way.

Such is Joseph Benson Foraker, both beloved and hated by men of all political parties. Senator Tillman once said of him: "Foraker is really a great statesman, a student, a man of courage, the fairest, squarest fighter in the senate, the property of no man or no interest, a matchless debater and orator." Uncle Joe Cannon is on record to this effect:

"Boys, I don't know anything about your Ohio politics, your alliances or your factions, but this much I want to say: because it is true and deserves to be said: Of all the men in public life today, of all the brilliant statesmen shaping our American political history, there is no other man, no senator, no better or fairer fighter—mind you, I do not always agree with him—no man who honors the state and nation more or renders them better service than Senator Foraker of Ohio."

ROBERT A. HILES.



JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, SENIOR SENATOR FROM OHIO.

### A FEW INTERESTING FACTS.

The largest butterflies are the "bird winged" of the Moluccas. Their wings are sometimes twelve inches in expanse.

Thirty full grown bears were rounded up in the big thicket district of Texas in the expectation that President Roosevelt would extend his hunting tour so as to include that locality. After bawling the fact that nine of her children had been stolen during

the night a San Francisco woman picked up a pocketbook containing \$300 in notes and gold which the thief had dropped.

Rabbits are able to see behind as well as in front of them.

The Paris Louvre is in future to be guarded by watch dogs.

The use of coffee in England was first known in 1657. The first public place in London where it was sold was

thus advertised: "Made and sold in St. Michael's alley, in Cornhill, by Pasqua Roscoe, at the sign of his own head."

The Rev. Angus Bethune, vicar of Seaham, who has just attained the age of ninety-seven, is believed to be the oldest clergyman in England still fulfilling active duties. He was ordained in 1841 and has held his present charge since 1859.

Iron cloth is largely used today by tailors for making the collars of coats sit properly. It is manufactured by a

new process from the steel wool and has the appearance of having been woven from horsehair.

Mark Twain was among the many thousands who recently visited the Lusitania at New York. In bidding adieu to the officer who showed him over the ship he observed: "Till have to tell Noah all about this when I meet him."

Within the past two years the Cobalt silver mines have been opened in Ontario, being now considered among the richest in the world, which, in ad-

dition to the mining of copper, iron and other metals, is bringing the eastern part of Canada into great prominence.

In many districts on the banks of the St. Lawrence, away from the large towns, the inhabitants still retain the French language, which is officially recognized in the provincial parliament at Quebec.

Homes have been established for the reception of female domestic servants in Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and other

cities, where good cheap board may be obtained and the arrivals cared for and placed if desired.

Canada has already named a township Argoth.

Red haired people are least likely to go bald.

There are, it is estimated, some 3,000,000 caged birds in Europe.

Winnipeg, together with Dawson City in the Yukon territory, enjoys the distinction of being the coldest city in the British empire, when during the

months of January and February the temperature falls below zero as much as 55 and 60 degrees F.

In Vienna no married man may make a balloon ascent without the consent of his wife and children.

In British Columbia and the Yukon territory the greatest gold mines in the world are being worked, while the coal and lead production is enormous.

Every layer of fire has been virtually wiped out by fire at one time of its existence.